Me thought their soules, whose bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promise you, my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing countrimen,
The leisure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prairers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard, except those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raisd in bloud, and one in bloud establisht,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those, that were the meanes to helpe him.
A base foule stone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falsely set,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice, ward you as his souldiers,
If you do sweate to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the tyrant being slaine,
If you do fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing swords,
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But if I thriue, the gaine of my at
The least of you, shall share his
Sound drums and trumpets bo
God, and Saint George, Richm
Enter King Ri
King. What said Northumberl
Rat. That he was neuer traine
King. He said the truth, and
Rat. He smiled and said, the
King. He was in the right, a
Tell the clocke there.
Giue me a calender, who saw th
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to s
He should haue braud the East
A blacke day will it be to some
Rat. My Lord.
King. The sunne will not be
The skie doth frowne, and low
I would these dewie teares wer
Not shine to day: why, what i
More then to Richmond, for t
That frownes on me, lookes sa
Enter No
Norff. Arme, arme, my Lor
King. Come, bustle, bustle,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him
I will lead forth, my souldiers
And thus my battaile shall be
My foreward shall be drawn
Consisting equallie of horse a
Our Archers shall be placed i
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Th
Shall haue the leading of this
They thus directed, we will f
In the maine battell, whose p
Shall be well winged with ou
This, and Saint George to bo

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